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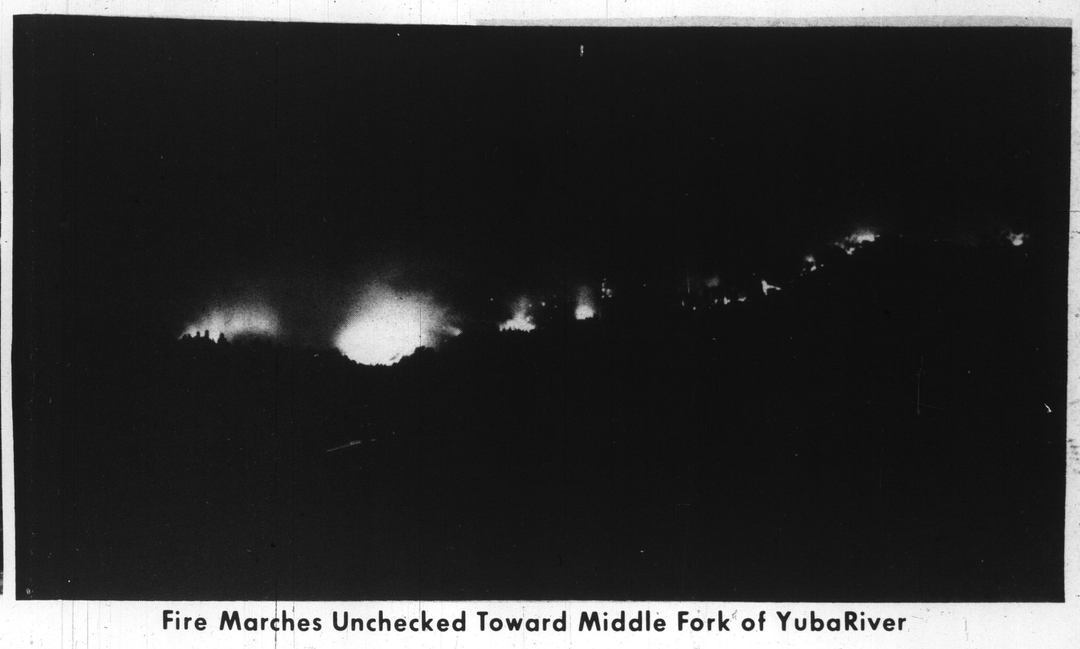
Nevada County Citizen

Vol. 1 No. 4 10¢ A Copy THE PAPER WITH THE PICTURES Nevada City, Calif. Wednesday, November 4, 1959

FIRE BY DAY

Smoke and Flames Rise All Around Camptonville But Miss Town

FIRE BY NIGHT



Fire Marches Unchecked Toward Middle Fork of YubaRiver

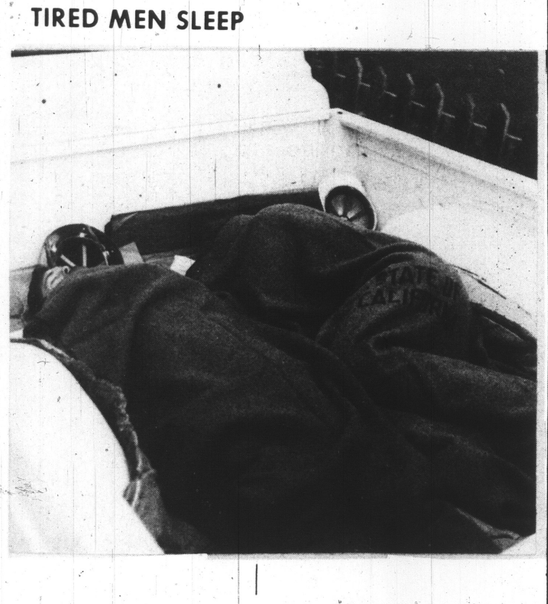
ATTACK PLANS MADE

Jim Averell, Left, Bill Lambert
Study Maps of Fire's Progress

ASSISTANCE ARRIVES

Air Force Convoy
Arrives in Camptonville

TIRED MEN SLEEP



Two Firefighters Nap
In Pickup Truck Bed

BUT RAVAGE 16,000 ACRES

Wind-Whipped Fires Spare Camptonville

CAMPTONVILLE, Calif.--The dread orange ogre, Fire, whipped through this section of Yuba and Sierra Counties over the weekend, ravaging 16,000 acres of brush and timberland in its wind-propelled race from Goodyear's Bar to the Middle Fork of the Yuba River.

The fire, which was discovered at 2 a.m. Saturday, was finally brought under control Monday morning.

For awhile it looked like the flames might sweep through this old mining community and burn it to the ground for the third time in its history, but a fortunate shift in wind direction early Saturday afternoon enabled firemen to set backfires and rush in additional men and equipment and turn tide of battle.

All told nearly 3,000 men from all over Northern California moved in to tackle the blaze.

Some of these firefighters came here directly from firelines in El Dorado County and were pressed into service immediately although many had gone without sleep for over two days.

Joining state and federal forest service men were Army and Air Force personnel from bases as far away as Fort Ord, fire departments from most area communities and many civilian volunteers.

All Camptonville residents were told early Saturday to prepare to evacuate the town and late Saturday some families adjacent to Highway 49 did abandon their homes and flee to Nevada County when the flames closed in on that area. The fire, however, was stopped before it reached any of the abandoned houses.

The final line of advance for the fire consisted roughly of Highway 49, the Pilocene Ridge and the Yuba River.

As the new month of November dawned, smoke hung like a funeral shroud over the area and grey ash drifted down like dirty snow flakes to coat the streets, lawns and rooftops of this community. Entire hill ranges disappeared from view in the smoke and the mid-afternoon sun was reduced to a pale red ball in the gloom or obscured completely.

Saturday was Halloween and the red cast that inundated the town was better suited for this traditional day of ghosts and goblins than anything ever devised by Edgar Allen Poe at his most demented.

Still, neither threat of fire nor the unearthly atmosphere could dampen the good humor or high spirits of the local residents. The town's only tavern, the Waterwheel, used the fire as an excuse to throw a Halloween party. It was well attended by residents, reporters, fire fighters who had a few moments to spare, and sightseers.

Even the failure of electric power did nothing to slow down the enjoyment of life as people merely dug out candles or kerosene lanterns and went on as if they had never known anything better.

But if some people took time off to observe All Saint's Day, the fire didn't and by Saturday night was plainly visible from points as far away as Town Talk.

The war against the fire was waged in much the same way as a war is waged against an army.

As generals and aides pore over maps to outline strategy against an armed opponent, so did state and federal forest service officials study maps to appraise the situation and devise their attack on the flames.

As armies are made up of infantry, support weapons, supply and transportation services and air support, so was the army that fought the fire.

The infantry was the mass of men who went out to clear fire lanes and light back fires. Their support weapons were the tankers and other mobile equipment. Their air cover came from converted Navy patrol and torpedo bombers and Air Force medium bombers who dropped chemical bombs on the fire and helicopters who flitted around through the haze like hummingbirds keeping track of the progress of the flames.

The supply arm extended all the way back to Grass Valley and Nevada City where restaurants and even the Girl Scout Council were put to work making and packing lunches for the men on the battle lines. Transportation came in every form including chartered buses and taxis. In this respect it resembled the Battle of the Marne.

All of these operations were co-ordinated by telephone and radio--as are battle operations in a modern war.

While one battle was waging in this area, weary firemen were conducting mopping up operations in El Dorado County on two fires that swept through about 20,000 acres there on Friday and Saturday and another army of men was tackling outbursts in Placer County.

Smoke from the combined fires darkened skies as far away as Sacramento and black clouds on the horizon could be seen from the hills around San Francisco.

Although Camptonville was spared, the tiny neighboring community of Pike was not so fortunate. About half of the handful of structures in Pike were burned. Also burned were a few scattered miners' shacks that dot this sparsely-populated area.

But the biggest losses were in timberlands destroyed or damaged by the conflagration which raged through a 30-square mile region whipped by winds that sometimes reached gale proportions and changed directions as frequently as a woman changes her mind. It will be some time before accurate damage figures can be compiled. The dense clouds of black smoke that still rest in the valleys are one of the factors that make damage estimates difficult to formulate.

Camptonville had good reason to fear the fire--it has burned twice before in fires that either originated in the forests or spread to them. Some sources claim both fires started in the town and spread to the surrounding woods. Others say forest fires expanded to ignite the town in one or both instances.

But if Camptonville had reason to fear the fire, residents showed little more than a healthy respect for it.

When the fate of the community was still very much in doubt and any shift in the wind would have spelled doom, Mrs. Arthur Pierce was hard at work in the Waterwheel. Asked if she planned to evacuate, she replied, "I'm going to stay here and serve as long as there are cutomers."

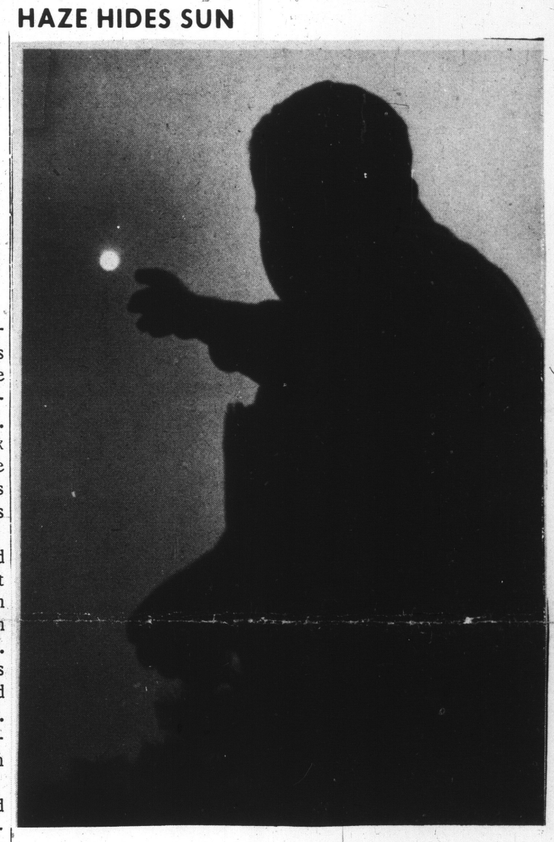
Meanwhile, on the edge of town nearest the spreading flames, a family was busy packing what belongings it could into the car while the three youngest daughters stood at the side of the house watching the fire--their teddy bears and dolls clutched tightly in their arms.

The fire story was not without its touch of irony.

The U.S. Forest Service had scheduled a "beatnik" party for teen-agers Friday night in Nevada City to celebrate "the end of fire season".

High winds brought a last minute cancellation of the party.

HAZE HIDES SUN



Old Sol is Faint
Ball in the Gloom

OUT OF MOTHBALLS

Come Community's
Kerosene Lanterns

Notice To The Public

Thousands of you have been receiving complimentary copies of the Nevada County Citizen. This has been our way of introducing "The Paper with the Pictures" to you. We know, from the flood of friendly comments we have received, that the public response to the Citizen has been very favorable.

Because we must soon stop sending you complimentary copies, we hope you will indicate to us your desire to continue reading the Citizen by subscribing at the first-year introductory rate of $2.50. You will find a subscription form on page 2 of this edition.

And to the many hundreds who have already subscribed, we give our heartfelt thanks. It is our intention to maintain--and improve--the quality of our product throughout the year, in order to serve you and the community.

Subscribers Please Note

Subscribers in Grass Valley and Nevada City who do not receive their Citizen by 6 p.m., please call G.V. 1479 or N.C. 126.

Cootiettes Conclave

Golden Canaries Cootiette Club #252 met Monday, October 26th, with Chief Grayback Ella Meyer presiding, to hear reports of club activities.

Grand-Must-Her-In-Louse Marie Daniels gave a report on the Grand Council Meeting she attended in Burbank on October 17, where Grand Grayback Lillian Klipp of Van Nuys presided, to hear reports from the Grand Officers of California. The 3-G's Cootiette Club #188 was hostess for the event. The next Council Meeting will be at Fresno in February.

Wanda Eby, Lady Louse, reported the candy the club is selling to raise money for the hospital fund has been distributed to members and the project is doing well. She said that people are responding wonderfully when it is explained that the proceeds go into the club hospital fund; as the Cootiettes do assist in any hospital where and when they are needed.

Following the business session, refreshments of hot sweet rolls and coffee were served.

A special thanks was sent to Sam Strange

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EDITORIAL

The N. I. D. & Recreation

The proposed Nevada Irrigation District-PG&E multi-million dollar water and power development undoubtedly reflects intelligent, far-seeing action on the part of Manager Edwin Koster and the N.I.D. board of directors as regards the future water development of the county.

But there is, we believe, one aspect of this project, of huge potential benefit to our region, which has not received the public discussion it deserves. We are talking about the recreational posibilities inherent in this project.

Just as the statewide water planners are now considering recreational needs along with domestic, irrigation, flood-control, industrial, and power needs, so--we hope--the N.I.D. will carry on recreational planning in conjunction with its other planning.

Take the proposed Rollins Reservoir to be built on the Bear River near Chicago Park. The reservoir--or lake, if you will--will be about three miles long, with many bays, inlets, and lesser extensions.

To consider the recreational needs of our area when the land is acquired for the lake would seem to be of the utmost importance. Economic benefits of untold magnitude would be the result, for the N.I.D. and for the community.

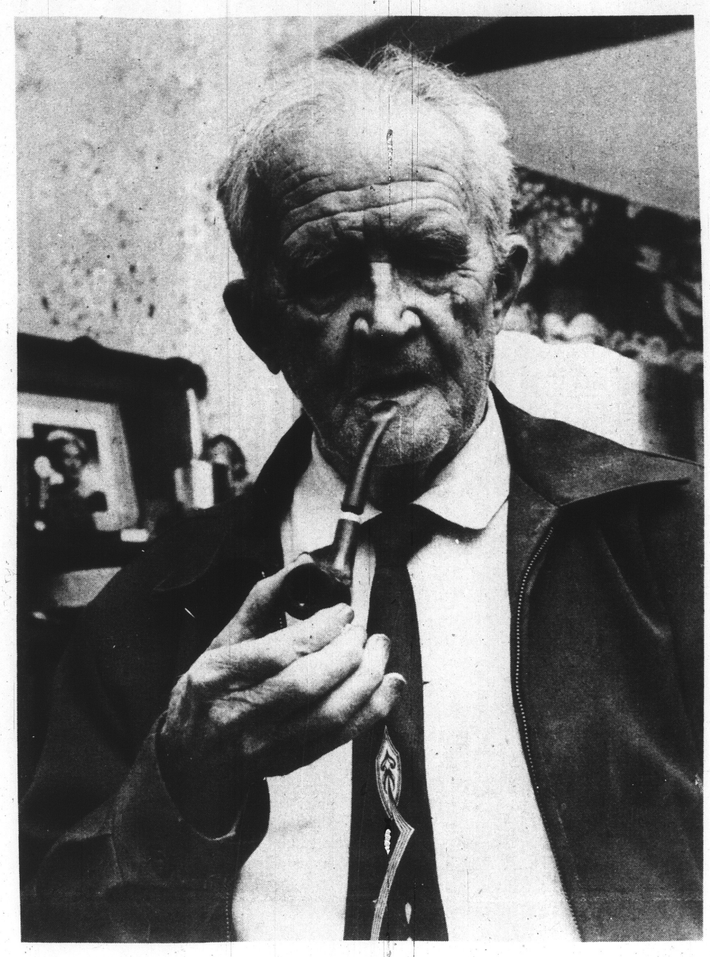
But beyond the economic benefits are more important ones--the benefits to all of us of a soundly-planned recreation area affording beautiful surroundings, boating, swimming, fishing, camping --and fun.

Scotts Flat Reservoir, of course, is of limited usefulness at this time as a fully realized recreation area, because of State Board of Health requirements. But Rollins Reservoir would not suffer from these limitations.

We are aware that the N.I.D.'s historic function is not recreation. We are also aware that the problems connected with recreational planning--land acquisition, for one--are difficult. But they are not insoluble. It is possible that the state might afford financial aid for such a project as Rollins.

Our concern at this point, however, is not with the specific question of Rollins Reservoir. It is with the entire range of water planning in the county, and the importance of making recreation an integral part of it.

The increasing pressure of California's and Nevada County's population dictates that the recreational needs and desires of our citizens, both now and in the future, must hereafter be taken into account in any development of our water resources.



H. P. Davis: He Knows More About County Than Any Man

THE CITIZEN OF THE WEEK

A man with a baby in his arms was standing in front of Nevada City's National Hotel waiting for his wife to come out of the Aney real estate office.

As he waited a couple came by pushing a baby carriage. Across Broad Street a young woman was window shopping at the Alpha Hardware. She, too, was clutching an infant.

"Well," said a slightly caustic voice to the man waiting for his wife, "I'm glad to see this town is still producing SOMETHING."

The slightly caustic voice belonged to a small silver-roofed figure with eyebrows like a Scotch Terrier who had just shuffled out of the hotel, cane in hand, to review the passing scene.

From his slightly-impish mouth hung a pipe that bore the dull patina of years of service. Although it was one of the hottest days of the year --somehwere in the 90s--his shirt was buttoned at the collar and he was wearing a necktie and a light jacket.

The man with the pipe and comments was H.P. (for Harold Palmer) Davis, who denies being a lot of things people have called him but readily admits he knows more about Nevada County history than any man present or past.

The tales about H.P. are legend but the man himself is far more legendary than any of the tales.

During his 81 years he has been a mineralogist, geologist, mining engineer, adventurer, author, journalist, historian, pioneer and flyer --just to hit the high spots.

During the last 23 years he has confined most of his varied talents to Nevada County.

Modesty and false modesty are animals of entirely different breeds and while H.P. may know something about the former he has no acquaintance with the latter.

"I have written virtually all the accurate history of Nevada County," he declares, adding that nearly everything correct in print about this county was either authored by him or borrowed from his writings.

"One thing I'm set about," he says, "I won't subscribe to one word said about the history of this county that isn't absolutely correct." He then goes on to decry the inaccuracy of others' accounts of the county's past.

He has a special objection to those people who play up the seamier side of the early days. "I'd rather talk about the remarkable record those people made in the early days," he says.

And for those who would stretch a point here and there to make their narratives more interesting, H.P. has these words of scorn: "It's not necessary to tell a lot of tall tales about Nevada County."

H.P. despises this misuse of hyperbole because he feels the unembelished story of Nevada County is one of the most exciting to be found anywhere. Two of the state's three most important historical sites, he says, are in Nevada County. The two: the Manzanita Cut, site of the first hydraulic gold diggins; and the Gold Hill Mine, California's first quartz gold operation.

H.P. has set opinions on subjects other than Nevada County history. One of them is how to mix a martini.

The little man with the big background lectures bartenders on the proper concocting of his favorite cocktail all the while they are preparing his order. The fact that the mixologist has long since memorized this lesson deters H.P. not at all--he loves to lecture.

He comes by this rather naturally being one of eight children in a family that is remarkable in almost every sense.

One of his sisters, Mary Gould Davis, was one of the master writers of children's books, narrator of a radio program called "The Children's Hour", and editor of the Saturday Review of Literature, directed Columbia University's special courses on children's libraries and was supervisor of New York City's 38 public libraries.

Brother Owen was an author, playright, producer, head of the once-famous Owen Davis Stock Company and one of the stalwarts in the renowned "roundtable" collection of literary lights that held court at New York's Algonquin Hotel. Robert Benchley and Dorothy Parker were among the other members.

Brother Al was a vice president of Radio Corporation of America, brother Will was a government official during the administration of Franklin Roosevelt ("He was the only member of the Davis family who was a Democrat," says staunchly Republican H.P.) and brother John was a member of Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders in the Spanish American War.

His wife, Helen Ebeltaoft Davis, wrote a book on her childhood in Norway called "The Year is a Round Thing" that won both critical and popular acclaim. "She also speaks seven languages," adds H.P. prouder of this than of her literary accomplishments.

When surrounded by people like these, developing a facile tongue becomes a matter of survival.

But H.P. never had to bask in reflected glory. He carved a big niche in the world of letters in 1928 with the publication of "Black Democracy" which has gone through four editions in the United States and one in England since then and is still considered THE authoritative historical work on the Negro Republic of Haiti.

Alex Waugh, a member of a famed English literary family and author of "Island in the Sun", said in the preface of the last edition of "Black Democracy" that many works had been written about the strife-torn island but "in all this time only one book, H. P. Davis's Black Democracy, has presented the complete truth about Haiti in a straight forward historical narrative."

For this he was awarded the Chevalier Order National Honneur et Merit de Haiti.

H.P. has also written other books ranging in subject matter from "Gold Rush Days in Nevada City" to statistical and mineralogical reports on gold mining operations in the Porcupine fields in Canada, has done articles on a variety of subjects for such publications as "Fortune" and "Travel" magazines, The New York Herald-Tribune, and the New York Times.

But, like all writers, his best work is the one he hasn't quite finished. In H.P.'s case it's a book called "Many Interventions," which he describes as a satire about the way our statesmen have bungled in Latin America. "It's sardonic and extremely disagreeable," says H.P. who also says it will never be finished because he moved away from his source of materials when he came to Nevada County in 1936. Also arthritis now makes it extremely painful for him to use either a pen or a typewriter. "I could dictate it," says H.P. "Arthritis would improve a nasty book like that."

The fact that he can no longer write about the world around him doesn't keep H.P. from being interested in it. And of all the world the place that interests him most is Nevada County--the place he came to visit 23 years ago and will never, if he has anything to say about it, leave.

And one of the things he is interested in is the proposed Freeway route through Nevada City. He's against it. "I've been telling people for eight years what damage that would do if it was routed through Nevada City and no one has done anything about it."

H.P. hopes The Citizen WILL do something about it.

"Oh yes," cautioned H.P. near the end of the interview, "when you write that story be accurate. Some people have said I was a 'famous mining engineer.' Well, I guess you could say I was a mining engineer--but I'll be damned if I was famous.

"Also put in there that I was a special correspondant in Latin America for the Associated Press. I'm pretty proud of that.

"And come back some time and I'll give you some stories on Nevada County history. There's a lot that hasn't been written yet."

Fool's Gold

BY MAX NORRIS

The average man has relatively few really profound experiences during his life.

Love, marriage, parenthood, a brush with death--these comprise the full catalogue of profundities for many people. Others can add a religious experience to this. Still others include war.

I'm tempted to add The Citizen to my list.

All of us connected with the paper put a lot of sweat, a lot of thought and a lot of worry into getting this thing from the idea stage to reality.

There were a lot of disappointments connected with it, of course, but we still had pretty high hopes for our off-spring when the first edition came off the presses.

If the response to The Citizen had only been about what we expected in our most optimistic moments, it would have been a very gratifying experience--but hardly anything approaching the profound.

However, you, the people of Western Nevada County, have accepted our "baby" with far more enthusiasm than we here ever anticipated.

Subscriptions are pouring in although, through this issue, residents of Western Nevada County have been getting the paper delivered free. And our real subscription campaign has yet to begin.

Compliments and Complaints

But the flow of subscription checks--although extremely gratifying--is only part of the story.

The rest of it consists of the unsolicited compliments we receive from people every day; the complaints we get from those non-subscribers who were inadvertently skipped during the weekly deliveries; the notices that are turned in to us by people who want their club, organization, school, church and personal news to appear on our pages, and the tips on news stories, features and photo-features that our readers would like to see in future editions.

And putting the closing period behind this story of our reception was learning that the students at Nevada Union High School fastened copies of The Citizen photo-feature on the Miners-Marysville game to practically every bulletin board in the school.

If all this does not make for a profound experience, it at least makes for a very humbling one.

All of us know we must strive to make each issue better than its predecessor if we are to justify this response. This is not an easy thing to--do in fact it's virtually impossible--but we will try.

After all, you people deserve nothing less than our best.

A Singer's Singer

For the benefit of those of you who prefer singers who can sing to members of the currently popular Fabian, Rickey Nelson etc. school--Ella Fitzgerald will be in San Francisco on a one-night stand early next month.

Miss Fitzgerald once inspired a fair country crooner named Crosby to rhapsodize, "Man, woman or child, nobody, but nobody sings like Ella."

Ella, Sidney Stumpf will be happy to hear, sings not only well but lucidly. A rarity in itself.

Learning that Ella is coming to the city by the Golden Gate, makes me wish--as I have sometimes in the past--that Nevada County was just a little nearer to San Francisco.

In fact, this is the only major complaint I have about this county.

Oh well, enough of this monkey business for now.

Speaking of simians, you heard about the explorer who brought a blonde ape home from Africa for a household pet?

He named him "Hairy Golden" of course.

If you haven't heard it, it's because Sidney Stumpf just made it up and couldn't use it in his completely factual stories on the odd phenomena that make life seem interesting, albeit long.

Incidently, both Sidney and I love Harry Golden--it's just that neither of us could resist the play on words.

THE BOY REPORTER

By DAVID TAIT
Age 10

In the National Antique Shop there is a timelock safe. A clock is inside the safe that has been used more than one hundred years. It looks different than regular safes. It has a different shape than other safes.

The people put nuggets and gold dust in it.

The safe is in the shape of a big clock on the floor.

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Please enter my subscription to the Nevada County Citizen for one year. I enclose $2.50.

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(Mail to Nevada County Citizen, 132 Main St., Nevada City, Calif.)

Letters To The Editor

Elementary School
Nevada City, Calif.
October 20, 1959

Dear Mr. Norris:

We like your new paper.

We would like to read your paper. We would like to see you print your paper.

We would like to come down to your office when it is convenient for you.

Yours truly,

Earlene Erickson
Mrs. Paine's third grade

Dear Earlene:

We are glad you and your classmates like our paper and we would be most happy to have your class come to see how we print and publish it.

The Editor

Dear Sir:

Inclosed check for $2.50 for 1 year subscription.

I am taking a chance on you for one year but the odds are too great for 3 years.

In my seventy-five years I have seen many things sprout and look fine but 2 hard winters and one dry summer--and it is just too bad.

Well, here's good luck to you, and hope you survive.

G. E. Cunningham
Rt. 2, Box 718
Grass Valley, Calif.

Thank you. We hope so too.

The Editor.

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Mr. & Mrs. Arthur H. Howe.
Photo by Rowe

Rogers and Howe United In Candlelight Ceremony

The Bethel Church of Grass Valley shone with candlelight the evening of October tenth, when Judith Anne Rogers and Arthur Herbert Howe were joined in marriage during a double-ring ceremony performed by the Reverend Douglas Fairrington.

The bride was given in marriage by her father, James F. Rogers and was attended by her sister Jaculine Mulch, Citrus Heights, as matron of honor with Sharon Ash of Grass Valley as her bridesmaid.

The grooms twin brother, Willard Herbert Howe, served as best man with Phillip Gimmel as attendent.

Other members of the wedding party were ring-bearer Douglas Fairrington, Jr.; Christine Mulch, a niece of the bride, flower girl; and Miss Marylin White with Miss Nancy Miller, both of Grass Valley, candle-lighters.

The bride wore a chapel gown of imported French lace and silk tulle with a portrait neckline and long tapered sleeves, accented by a basque waist with a bouffant skirt of tulle over net and satin appliqued with lace medallions. Her veil was fingertip length illusion held by a crown of bridal sequins and seed pearls. The bridal bouquet, held on a white lace covered Bible, was a white satin peribboned white orchid.

The matron of honor and the bridesmaid were identically attired in ballerina length organza of azelea pink, with princess lines and billowing skirts. Their bouquets were of pink and azelea hued carnations to match their gowns. Their headdresses were of matching organza.

The diminutive flower girl wore pale pink edged in lace, and carried a basket of petals bedecked with pink ribbons. The candle-lighters wore matching sheaths of pale pink with net overskirts, and their hats were of roses and satin ribbons, all matching shades of pink. The men of the wedding party wore white dinner jackets.

Reverend Dwight Wilson of sang "Always", "A Wedding Prayer", and "The Lords Prayer", accompanied by Mrs. Vida White at the organ.

The mother of the bride wore beige lace and satin made in princess lines, accented with accessories of brown and pink. Her corsage, a gift of the groom, was a dusty pink orchid.

The groom's mother was attired in a pink suit with black accessories, her corsage, a white orchid with a pink throat was also a gift from the groom.

After the wedding, the guests adjourned to the recreation room of the Church for a reception honoring the newlyweds. Their traditional wedding cake was three tiered adorned by pink rosebuds, topped with a minature bride and groom. The refreshments were served by the ladies of the church.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Rogers, of 18 Linda Lane, Grass Valley. She was graduated from Nevada Union High School in 1958.

The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Howland Howe, also of Grass Valley. He attended Nevada Union High School, graduating in 1958.

After honeymooning in the Bay area, the couple are now at home at Cedar Way on Ridge Road. The benedict is currently employed by the Cal-Ida Lumber Company.

Call Us

If you had:

A party...a baby ...awedding,

Went vacationing...or sledding,

Caught a plane...or the flu,

Safaried to far Timbuctu,

Shot a deer...caught a dear;

All of This we want to hear.

Don't keep it to yourself alone,

Get The Citizen on the phone.

Call

Grass Valley 126,

Or

Nevada City 126

Social News

Margaret Abrahamson **Society Editor**

Potpourri

by Maggi

Ever notice how people walk? The tall and the short and the middle size? The waddle, wiggle...the teeter and totter, and the masculine stride and swagger... the flat foot, the sore foot and the bare foot? Ever step in the warm asphalt and not be able to come up again? You have missed one of life's little joys if this has not been included in Your Day.....Too, you will find it a somewhat delightful ocassion if you poke a hole in someone's floor with your rapier sharp heels, and then, horrors of all horrors, become unattached to your shoe.

Feet are supposed to be things that we walk with...but they are also things that become targets for other peoples feet.. corns...bunions...and dropped instruments of torture....

Feet are long and thin, short and wide ....high arched...low arched. People walk on the bottoms of them, the sides of them...the toes, not to mention the heels of them...Which brings about heels in general: the run-over heel...the even heel, the high heel and the crooked heel. Now about heels!*&¢%$*(if you're tired of reading this stuff, read Sydney S., he has more to say that is of value to the esthetic mind). Speaking of heels..... we'd better change the subject...

Saw some camera bugs about the town snapping at the landmarks so dear to our hearts.....Artists, 3 of them, all painting the Assay Office.

To go from one portrait to another.... have you ever seen so many Olympic-Swedish style sweaters in your life? A girl leaves a lot to be discovered when she wears one of these.

The oil and heating gas trucks are beginning to make their rounds...it won't be long until Our Area pulls up its covers and turns on the electric blankets.

It's almost time to quit work for the night...apparently others have the same idea...cars going by...what's for supper? Going out? Staying home? Having guests?

Young Gossips

The youngsters just out from school full of gossip...as if they hadn't seen each other for a week of Sundays...the business men taking up from where they left off at coffee break...Lions, Rotarians...Chamber of Commerce...Plans, plans and more plans for the people of our town.

The Goddess of time is pulling the shutters of night and the sun is gone in a mass of grey clouds...almost weeping because summer is gone...the trees shedding their tears upon the lawns...a startled bit of paper tossed by the wayward wind...night is surely falling.

The street is clearing and only the laggards are seen tooling along on their way home...the hush is so sudden it is frightening...

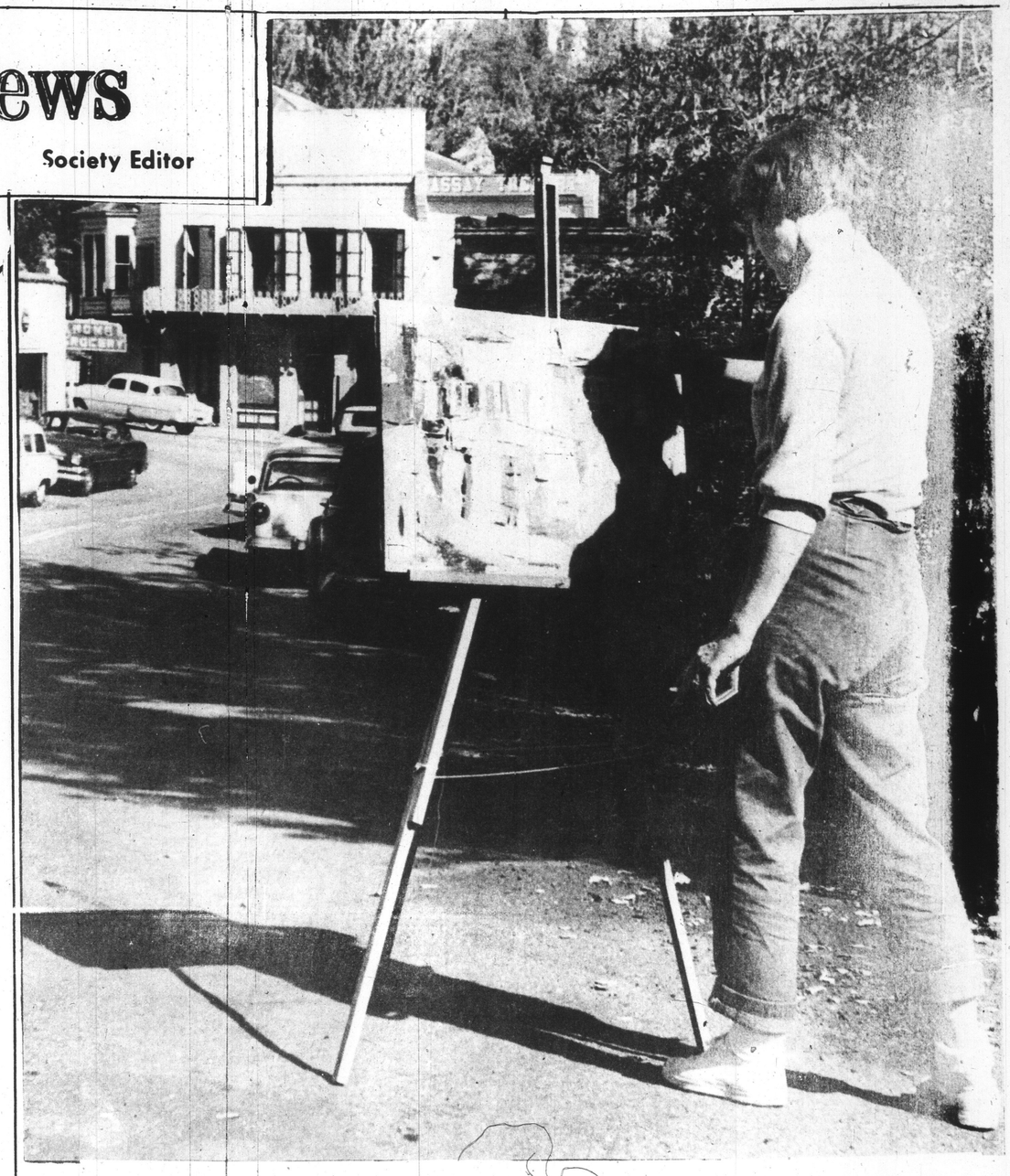
Odds 'n Ends

GRASS VALLEY is going to have the nicest thing happen that you gals can imagine!!! A new shop is going to open in Pioneer Village about the 15th of November, and they are going to have needle-point, all sorts of yarn, fancy buttons, and sweater paks, among other things...Thing that is holding up the deal is that the owner is expecting to become a grandmother at any moment.

ORCHIDS to the parents of Chicago Park...the fathers are painting the outside of the school house...while the mothers are are doing the interior... and what is more...the Board of Trustees purchased the paint.

If you think the old West is daid... what gives with the cowboy...boots, bowlegs and all...who Howdy Mam's the gals as they walk down the street.

INQUIRY OF THE DAY...What was the most professional (Amateur - HAH) photographer in Nevada City asking for a color photo of Squaw Valley scenery. (Does he want scenery or she-ry?)



The Artist

Nevada County is becoming more of a haven for artists with each passing month.

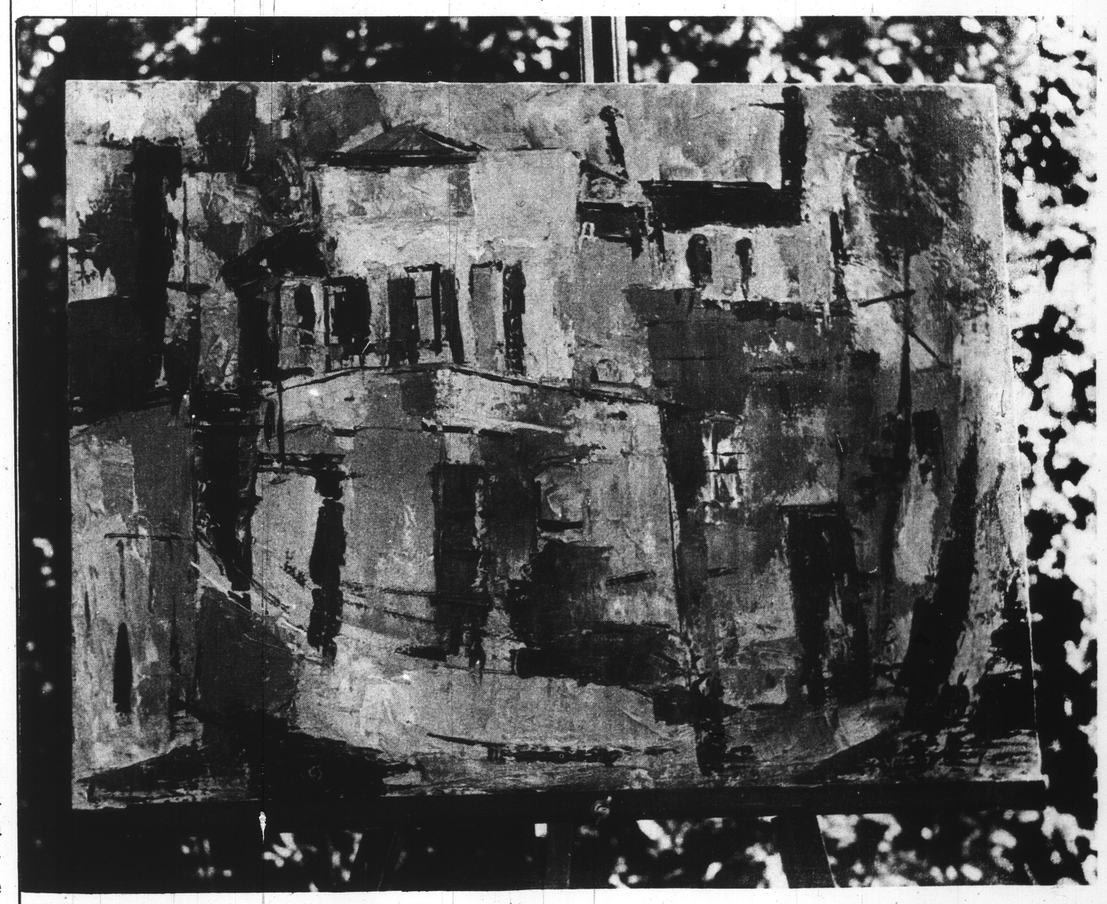
The paint and brush set is attracted here because this is one section of the state where progress has yet to erase almost all signs of the past.

Every nice day sees at least one person take to the streets of one of the county communities to capture the likeness (and sometimes the spirit) of our more picturesque and historic edifices.

The pictures here show one of those artists--Mrs. James Pierce of Palo Alto —doing an impressionistic painting of the Ott Assay Office in Nevada City, her partly finished work and the completed work of another Palo Alto woman who came here with Mrs. Pierce.

Additional proof, if it was needed, that the visible evidences of the county's Forty-Niner heritage are among its greatest economic assets.

And the Art



D. A. R. Hears Mrs. Sterling Snow

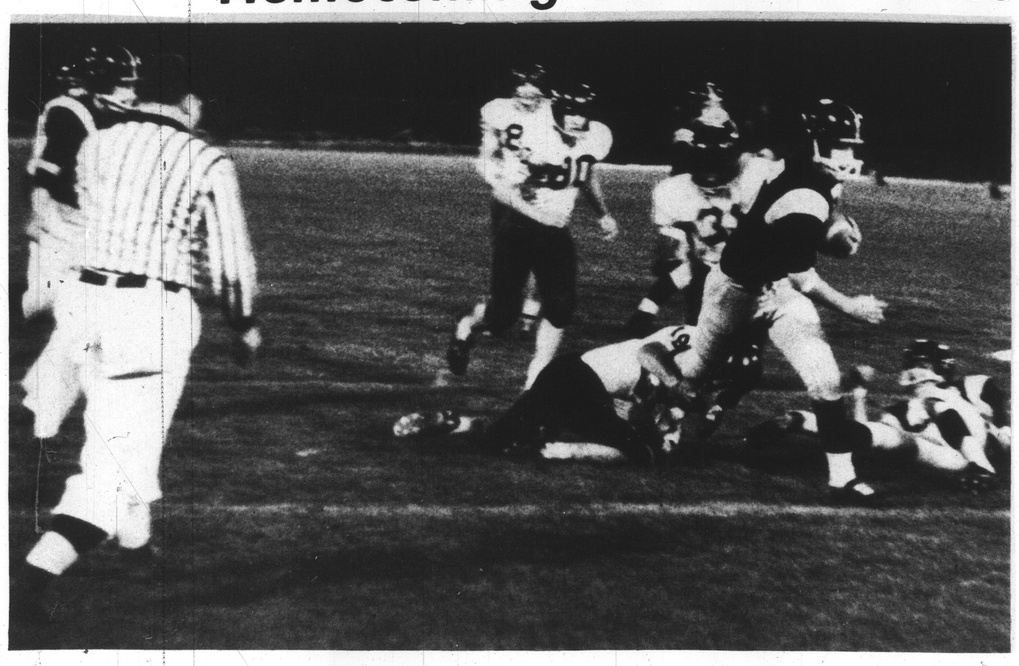
The Captain John Oldham Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, held its regular monthly meeting on October 26th at the home of Mrs. Ernest Buck in Nevada City. The regent, Mrs. Eric Poole presided.

Following the business meeting the Conservation chairman, Mrs. Sterling Snow, related her experiences in visiting one of the Weyerhauser Lumber Company's mills in Everett, Washington.

The Chapter's birthday will be celebrated an at evening meeting, November 23, at the home of Mrs. Snow and Mrs. John Griffith.

MINERS WIN 33-26 TO MAKE IT A HAPPY ONE

Homecoming Comes But Once a Year, And it Goes Like This

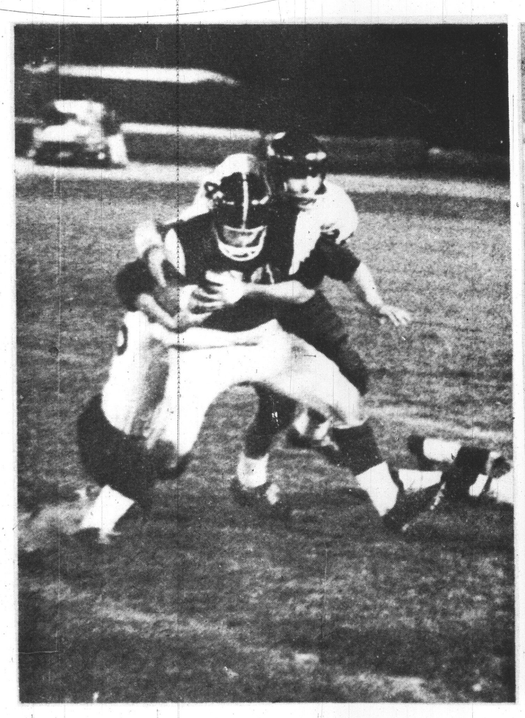


John Paye Bangs His Way Over Right End for First Miner T D

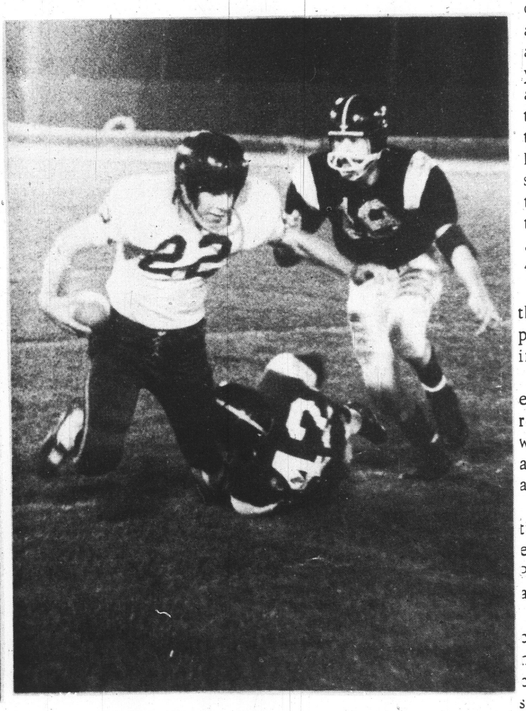
THESE PLAYS WENT

Honker Star Mel Oliver Rolls for Yardage on End Sweep

AND THESE DIDN'T

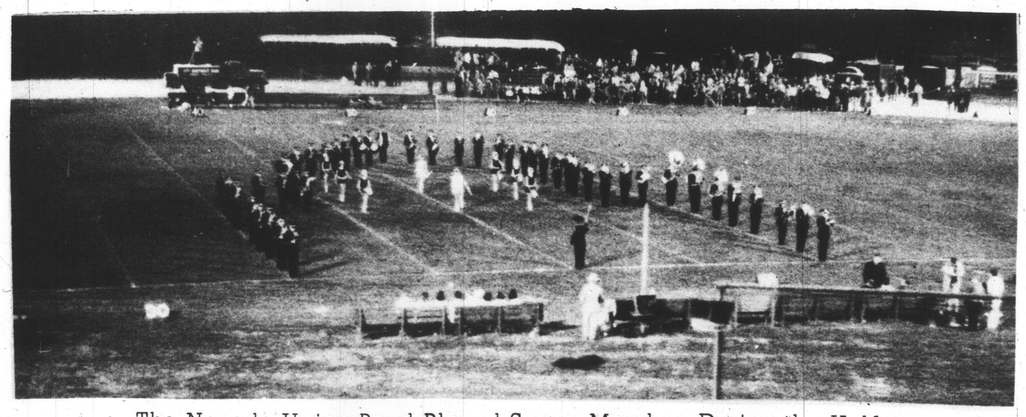


Roger Mock is Hauled Down From Behind



Allen Hutsinpilier (42), Ken Crowder (19) Stop Yuba City's Ken Patterle

WHILE THIS PLAY ALWAYS WENT



The Nevada Union Band Played Sousa Marches During the Half

Dave Willis is Big Yardage Gainer
Eleanor Berg is Homecoming Queen

Last Friday night was Homecoming for Nevada Union High School and those who came home were royally entertained.

The entertainment started early in the afternoon with a pep rally at the school, continued through a parade through downtown Grass Valley and ended with a football game and the crowning of Eleanor Berg as Homecoming Queen.

With the exception of Miss Berg, of course, the football game was the top fare on the menu and some fare it was.

The Miners won the thing 33-26 but only after a final-quarter that rendered hoarse those fans who braved the cold to watch and turned three shades greyer the hair of Coach John Valentino.

And again it was a Miner predeliction for using hands and arms in a most illegal manner that kept the score as close as a shoving penalty gave the Honkers of Yuba City one touchdown and a holding infraction stalled an NU drive that was within 11 yards of paying off on the Fair Grounds scoreboard that isn't. But should be.

Again John Paye was the big man for the winners in the scoring column as he visited the land of the diagonal stripes three times during the evening and passed for two more touchdowns. But Dave Willis, although he failed to make a point, was the back who came through when NU needed yardage--which was all night long.

Willis lugged the ball 176 yards in 13 carries for an average of 13.5 yards per try. Paye, the Sierra Foothills League's leading ground-gainer and scorer, registered 66 yards in 15 carries for an average of 4.5, about half his season's average.

However, the Honkers were laying for the speedy Paye and his end runs and this softened up the middle--Willis' favorite romping grounds--more than somewhat.

But, if Paye was unable to move with his usual ability between the 20-yard markers, he was deadly in close as he made the first touchdown on a seven-yard run around right end, the second around left end from two yards out and the last one on another turn of left end from the eight-yard line. In between TDs No. 1 and No. 5, Paye twice took handoffs and started off for the ends only to throw scoring passes--once to Dale Bagley for 38-yards and once to Dick Kline for 42-yards.

He looked just as good as the old bald-headed guy who pitches for the 49ers in each instance.

The big threat to the Miners as they ran their league record to 3-1 was Mel Oliver, who racked up 89 yards in 19 attempts and one touchdown and two extra points.

Allen Hutsinpiller kicked two conversions for the Miners and Willis passed to Mike Peregrine for the other point after touchdown.

The final Miner score came with 15 seconds remaining on the Fair Grounds clock that also isn't (but should be) and permanently thwarted a Yuba City comeback that had seen the Honkers score twice in the final period and narrow a 27-13 deficit to just 27-26.

As if this wasn't enough for one day, the Nevada Union band put on its best half-time show of the season--a program of the marches of John Phillip Sousa that was climaxed with the playing of "The Stars and Stripes Forever" and the unfurling of Old Glory on the field.

And all the time Miss Berg just stood there in all her young glory, looking glorious. Hail to the Queen.

IMPORTANT DATE

Friday the Thirteenth falls on Friday this month--which is quite unusual these days of rapid change

Floats and Queen's Car Thread Through Grass Valley

THE BIG PARADE

AND ITS REASON FOR BEING

Homecoming Queen Eleanor Berg and Bill Wilson

DON'T WRITE!

Send Citizen Clippings

CLASSIFIED ADS

CLASSIFIED AD RATES

Per line in first issue....16c
Per line in additional issues (no changes).....14c
Minimum charge.....80c

Wanted

WIDOW WANTS senior lady to share home and expenses. Phone N.C. 1004J. If no answer, leave message at N.C. 17M.

For Sale

FOR SALE--Easy Spin-Dry Washing Machine. Good condition, $30. Inquire 312 Commercial. N.C. 665 M.

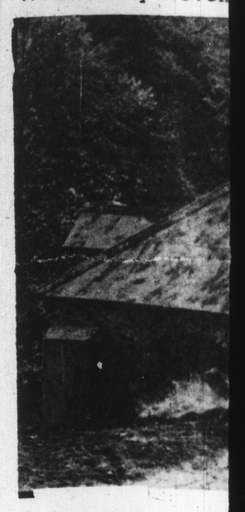
Lost & Found

LOST--A week ago at Gravel pit, small, short-haired, yellow dog. Ears stand, short tail, some front teeth missing. Call Cliff Young, North San Juan, California.

Miscellaneous

Instant Record Reference
With
Modern Victor SECTIONAL VISIBLES
With Economical
Postive Control
Ultra Fast
Inexpensive
See samples at
Hobbyhouse & Office Equipment
120 W. Main St. Ph. 214
Grass Valley, California

Subscribe to "The Paper with the Pictures." $2.50 will bring you the Citizen for 52 weeks. Free with each subscription, one free ad in this section (6 lines maximum).



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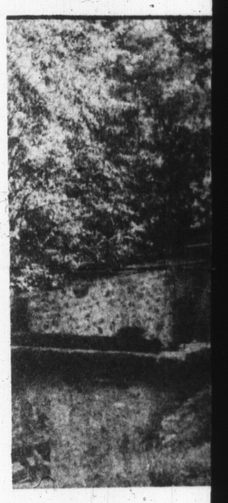

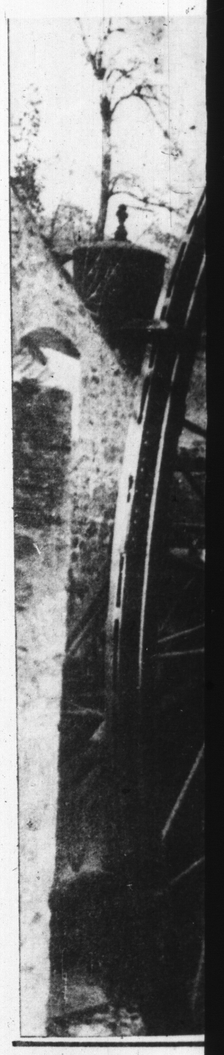

SENIOR CITIZENS N

The Mother Lode
Citizens Club met at th
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vada City on Thursday
obert 29th.

The meeting was co
ed by Mrs. McDaniels
members decided to
Whist Card Party ear
November.

The next meeting
a potluck dinner, to b
November 5, at 6 p.

BEFORE

Fire Beats Man to Reducing Mill

Workmen last week set to work dismantling the old reducing mill for the Empire Mine, using dynamite to break the old air pumps loose from their concrete mountings.

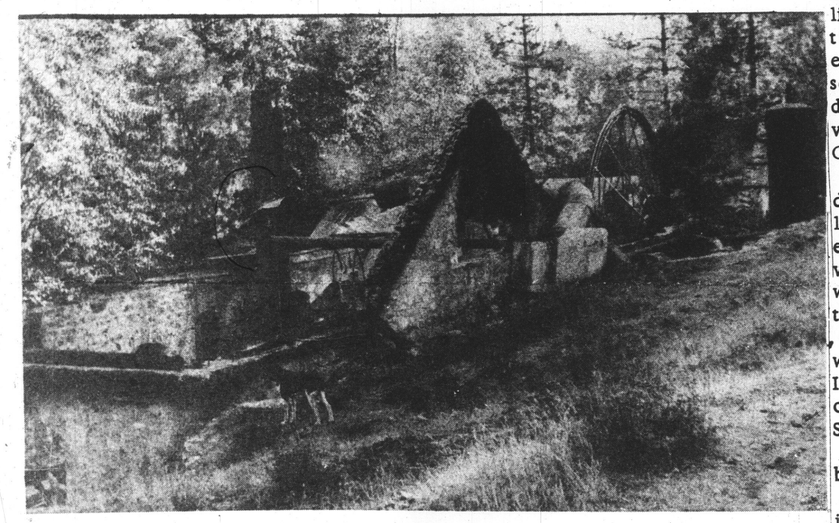
They were scheduled to remove the wooden shroud from the world's largest Pelton wheel--which is housed there-- early this week and begin tearing it apart for scrap iron.

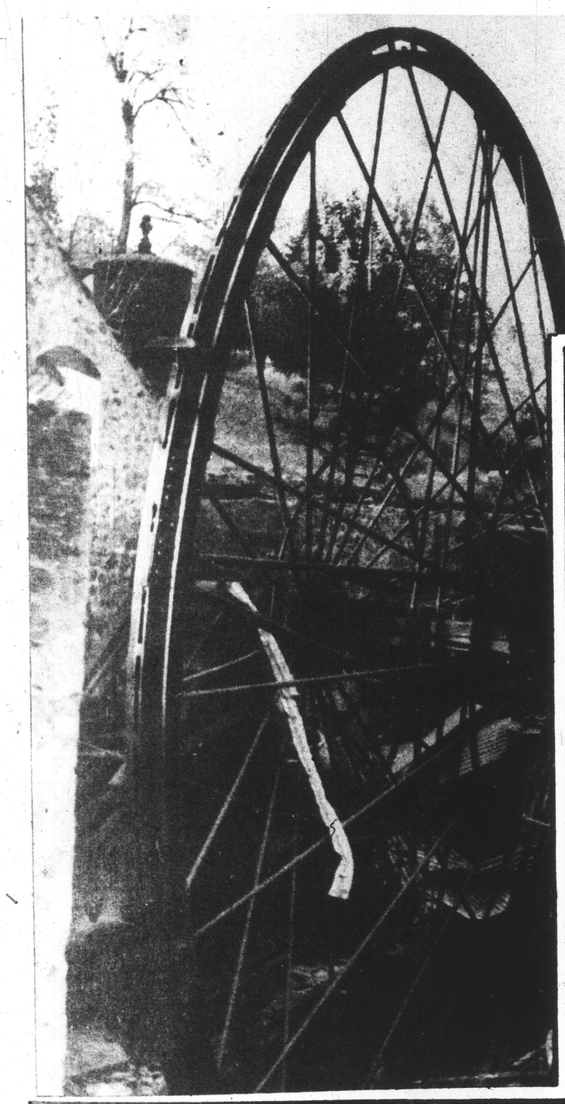
Circumstances save the men the task of removing the wooden shroud and every other wooden part of the old stone buildings at the end of Mill Street, Grass Valley, as fire of unknown origin gutted the structure and burned the Pelton wheel housing.

This week, dismantling work continues on schedule and the Pelton wheel, which was not only the world's largest, but the invention of a man who was born in Camptonville and lived much of his life in Nevada City, will be hauled off and melted down for new uses.

Requiem for another of the fast-disappearing monuments to the time when this county led California in the production of gold.

AND AFTERMATH





Citizen-Advertizer

Stumpf Does it Again, Learns Why Snarlboro Men Tattooed

By SIDNEY STUMPF

Citizen Weather and Odd Phenomena Editor

SALEM-WINSTON, N.C. --I'm back from Merrie Old England and off on another scientific project to make life easier and more pleasant for you, the people of Nevada County.

I start this article with heavy heart. Not only was I saddened by my failure to decipher those eternal words of wisdom being recorded for us by Fabian, but the sad tale of Errol Flynn's bereaved Lolita really broke me down.

My tears are slopping up the floor of my motel room as I write. But, I cannot dwell on the disappointments of the past. I must, instead turn my attention to those yet to come.

This week I shall endeavor to answer what my mail (one letter) indicates is the question of the age as far as Nevada Countians are concerned--namely why are all the men who smoke Snarlboro cigarets tattooed?

And, thought I in an inspired moment, what better place to uncover the answer to this than in Salem-Winston, the place where they make Snarlboros.

And, thought I again, in another example of the brilliant deductive reasoning that has characterized my entire career, who better to see than Hillman J. Stertz, director of research and development for the Snarlboro Company?

Although normally a modest fellow, (this, good looks, intelligence and honesty being my outstanding virtues) I had to admit this was the only logical step to take.

My interview, complete with all the clever witticisms I dropped during the course of my conversation with Stertz, follows.

Stumpf: "Mr. Stertz, I believe?"

Stertz: "You were expecting maybe Mrs. Nussbaum? That, for your benefit, Stumpf, is just a line I had left over from the last Fred Allen script I wrote."

Stumpf: "Please Mr. Stertz, I'm the one who's billed as the comedian on this show. You're cast as the well-meaning but slightly stupid scientist. I beg you, good sir, to stick to the prepared script."

Stertz: "Enough of this circumlocution, get to the point. I haven't got all day, you know. Have an appointment in 15 minutes with a tattooed snake charmer who is scheduled to pose for our next Snarlboro advertisement."

Stumpf: "That's exactly why I'm here. The citizens of Nevada County, good folk and true, want to know why all the men in your ad are tattooed."

Stertz: "Well, Mr. Stumpf, let me say the reasons for this are many, varied and complex. Some of them are very Freudian in nature."

Stumpf: "Now look who's indulging in circumlocution."

Stertz: "That word does have a ring to it, doesn't it? I use it myself as frequently as possible. Please give me the chance to work it into this conversation at least once more before I have to take leave of you to meet the snake charmer."

Stumpf: "Oh, if you insist. Although I have several other good words I'm just dying to use as we go along. Good ones like yclept, dichotomy, potsherd, ophelimity--just to name a few."

Stertz: "I know what you mean. Stumpf, you are a kindred soul. I just go around all day looking for an opportunity to use words like those and it just never comes up."

Stumpf: "Horribly frustrating, isn't it? We are rare enlightened souls in juxtaposition in a sea of dolts."

Stertz: "too true, too true. Stumpf, I can't pass up a golden gift like this from the vagarious Goddess of Chance. Let's just spend the rest of the afternoon dreaming up conversational openings for these wonderful polysyllabic words. Work, I say, be damned."

Stumpf: "What about your snake charmer?"

Stertz: "He can wait. Tattooed men I can find anywhere, but rare intellects of the same caliber as my own are precious beyond description."

Stumpf: "But what about my assignment? The Citizen editors are an unforgiving lot. They want to know why all the men in your ads are tattooed and if I don't find out, there's no telling what they might do. Why, those fiends might even cancel my subscription to Mad Magazine."

Stertz: "They wouldn't dare. Gad Stumpf, I never realized that such cruelty still existed in this enlightened age."

Stumpf: "'Tis true."

Stertz: "Well, just to accommodate a true follower of Alfred E. Neuman, I'll tell you. But as I warned you before, it's horribly Freudian.

"You see Stumpf, up until the time of their marriage, Mrs. Snarlboro--a very charming woman--had been a tattooed lady in a circus--and, somehow, all those pictures made her feel different and uneasy in everyday society.

"Well, Snarlboro started this advertisement series to convince his wife that virtually everyone was tattooed; that she wasn't unusual at all."

Stumpf: "But all the people in the Snarlboro ads are men."

Stertz: "I know. But Snarlboro is a good businessman in addition to being a good husband--and who would buy cigarets recommended by any woman nutty enough to be tattooed?"

Stumpf: "You're right. Horribly Freudian."

RARE TREAT

Shark livers smothered in toadstools, sliced buckeyes and Squid oil make an unusual fare for surprise dinner guests. They will never forget your thoughtfulness if you serve this.

All ashore that's going.

CANDLE-MAKER HELEN BONTECOU

And, Left, Helper Christina Roese

Artist Makes Candles For Christmas Fair

In this age of atomic-generated electrical power, solar batteries and luminescent panels, Helen Bontecou practices the ancient art of candle-making.

The Nevada City weaver and artist has been working busily in her Commercial Street studio making eight dozen tapers for the Artists' Christmas Fair of the Nevada City Art Association. The Fair will be held early in December.

Miss Bontecou and her young assistant, Christina Roese, manufacture their candles with the meanest of equipment. Her production machinery consists of an old electric hot plate and a wax canister built up from empty coffee cans.

The process itself involves melting the wax in the canister and dipping wicks into the molten mixture. The wicks, which are attached to dowels, have to be dipped at least 35 times in the manufacture of a single candle.

Made in a variety of colors, the Bontecou candles are composed of a variety of materials. Many of them are made of discarded candle stubs Miss Bontecou's friends give her for remelting.

Helen admits her lights are not as brilliant as those made by Westinghouse, Sylvania and General Electric--but they will continue to burn brightly even if wind knocks down the power lines.

'Twas Love At First Sight

Jim and Rosemary Miller first saw Nevada City while they were on vacation last Summer--and it was a classic case of love at first sight.

"We were camping near here," Jim relates, "and came through the town one day when we were driving around sight-seeing. I decided right then and there this was the place for me and I was going to move here no matter what."

Miller, then an employe of the H.J. Heinz Company in Tracy, went back home, quit his job and came back here to buy the Ten-to-One Club from Tom Walsh.

Next Tuesday, the Miller's will officially celebrate their move to Nevada City with an Open House at their place of business. There will be music and entertainment in addition to free refreshments for all those who come to the party.

The Millers have two sons, Craig and Keith, ages seven and five respectively, and have had no regrets to date about their move to Nevada County.

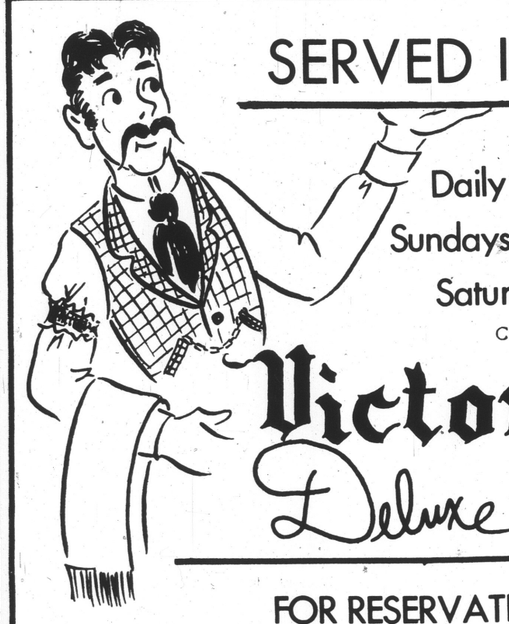
"You know," said Mrs. Miller last week, "we lived in Tracy for years and I came to think of it as home. But I went back there to visit a few days ago and I could hardly wait to get back to Nevada City. We've only been here about two months but I already get homesick for the place."

DUTCH BULBS
Select Quality
For Largest Blooms
Buy and plant now for next spring
ALPHA
Grass Valley-Nevada City

HELP!
COPY NEEDED TO FILL THIS SPACE

TOYS
Select and lay-away today.
ALPHA
Grass Valley
Nevada City

SERVED IN STYLE



Daily 5 p.m. - 10 p.m.
Sundays 12 Noon - 10 p.m.
Saturday 5 p.m. 'til ?
Closed Wednesdays

Victorian Deluxe Dinners

FOR RESERVATIONS
PARTIES, OR BANQUETS
CALL
NEVADA CITY 79

Victorian Dining Room
National Hotel Nevada City

On tonight's program . . .
"THAT FACE"
"GIRL IN CALICO"
"MY BLUE HEAVEN"
"NIGHT TRAIN"
"WALTZIN' MATILDA"
"MY BABY"
"SOPHISTICATED LADY"
. . . and introducing a brand new song and dance "THE AFTERBEAT"
plus many other features

Chrysler Corporation invites you to swing along with TV's most acclaimed personality in a brand new show...

"ANOTHER EVENING WITH FRED ASTAIRE"

with BARRIE CHASE
and The Jonah Jones Quartet
Ken Nordine
The Bill Thompson Singers
David Rose *and His Orchestra*
Choreography by Hermes Pan
Produced and Directed by Bud Yorkin
Executive Producer Fred Astaire

TONIGHT AT 9
in color on NBC 3

KCRA·TV
Home of the specials
3

SENIOR CITIZENS MEET

The Mother Lode Senior Citizens Club met at the Veterans Memorial Hall in Nevada City on Thursday, October 29th.

The meeting was conducted by Mrs. McDaniels. The members decided to hold a Whist Card Party early in November.

The next meeting will be a potluck dinner, to be held November 5, at 6 p.m. at the Veterans Memorial Hall, Nevada City. There will be entertainment after the dinner.

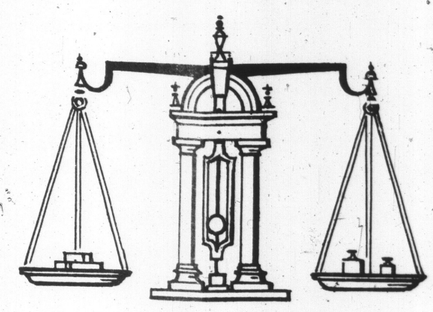
Lay-A-Way
GIFTS & TOYS
Today
ALPHA
Grass Valley-Nevada City

GALLERY OF UNKNOWNS

These rare pictures of Nevada County citizens of earlier days bring back memories---but which memories and of whom? Perhaps some reader can shed some light on the fading past.

PICTURES THROUGH THE COURTESY OF SHAW'S ANTIQUE SHOP, NEVADA CITY

BOSS,
FOREMAN,
CREW,
AND
UNIDENTIFIED
MACHINE



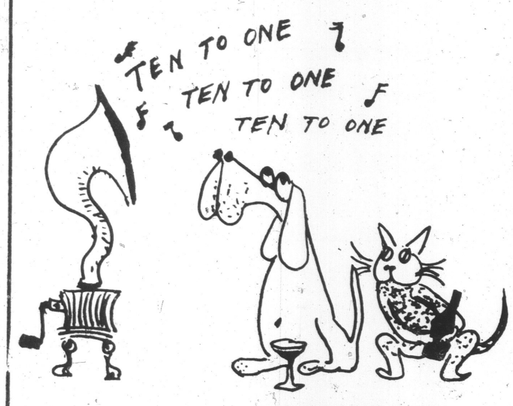
A CITIZEN Photo Feature

SOLID
CITIZENS
WAY
BACK
WHEN

THE LADIES AND THE MINERS
Before Shaft of Undetermined Location

Lay-A-Way
GIFTS & TOYS
Today
ALPHA
Grass Valley-Nevada City

GRAND Opening NOVEMBER 10th
TEN to ONE CLUB
UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT
The Jim Millers
MUSIC
REFRESHMENTS



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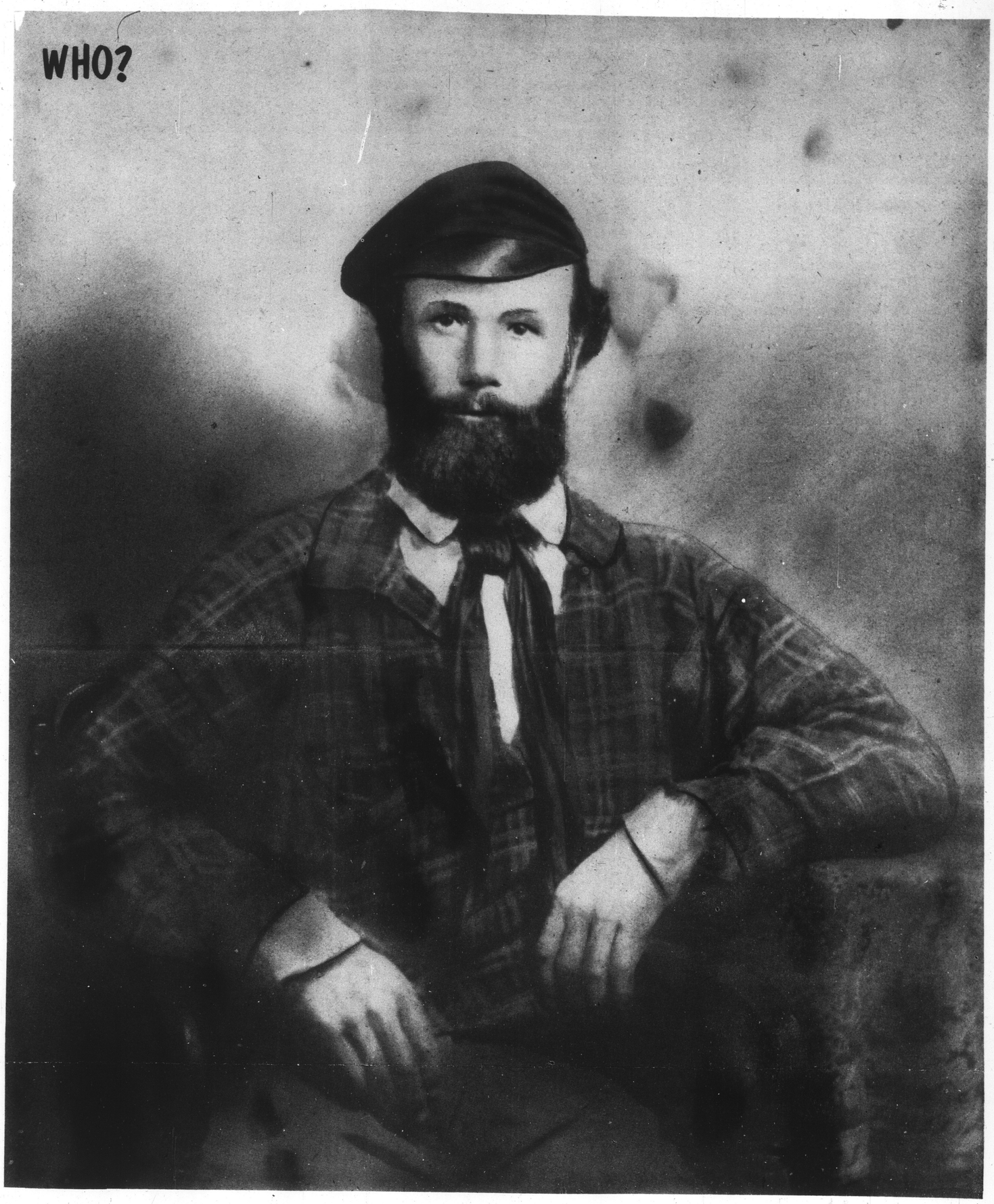
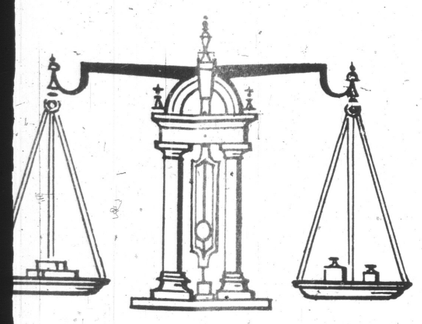


REMARKABLY PAINSTAKING CHARCOAL DRAWING

Likeness of a Jaunty Gentleman was Obtained from a Nevada County Estate



A CITIZEN Photo Feature

LADIES AND THE MINERS

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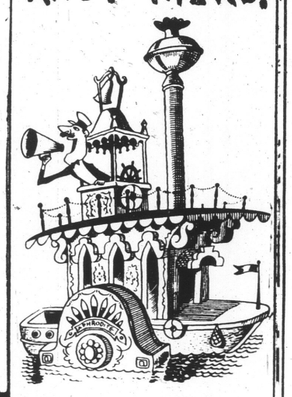
AHOY THERE!



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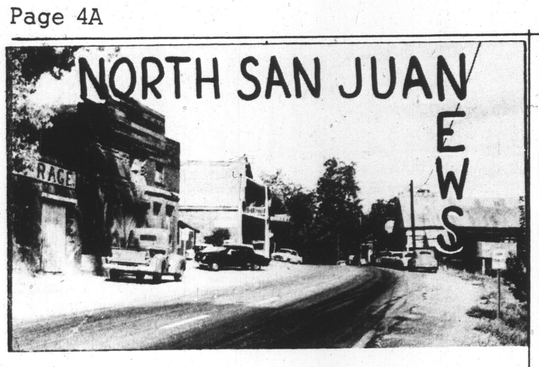


By DONNA MILHOUS

Phone AXtel 2-3207

Nell Gillis, who underwent surgery at Miner's hospital last week, is reported up and around and hankering for home. And a big fat get well to you, Nell.

Hazel and Cal Smallridge have dreams of sugar and spice and everything nice, buttons and bows. All for first grandchild, Jayne Marie.

Zoann Wasley and sister Josephine Darke had a very pleasant surprise September 18th. Their brother, John White, of Thermopolis, Wyoming, came to visit. Best part is he may stay all winter and forfeit a white Christmas for a warmer one.

Jack and Sally Clark don't know what it's like to be lonely these days with an average of fifteen people around. Most of their recent company have been deer hunters and, among them, they've brought in three nice bucks. Visiting them at at present are Martin and Lucille Mufichand family of Concord, and Ken and Mary Edwards and family of Vallejo.

An old face is back around these parts. Charlie Adams is now driving "straddle buggie" at Grizzly Creek.

A Mr. Dahley, of Hayward, shot a buck up on Tyler Road. Dahley is building a home on the old Linch place in French Corral.

Since it's not much fun to to have a birthday December 26th, little Jill Worley celebrates hers every October. Last Tuesday she celebrated her fifth birthday by sharing the cake and ice cream with her following little friends: Pamela Ellsworth, Cindy Buckbee, Dee Vee Brown, Susan Wilson and Sandra Gillis. The little ladies played games and took home party favors. Later that evening Jill opened her gifts at a four generations gathering. Jill is indeed a very fortunate little girl.

Glenna's Back

Glenna Walker, back from her job at Ludlow's is undecided as to what to do next. To school? Or to work? Or maybe both? Whatever Glenna does, I'm sure it will be a success.

Alice Wilson has been giving her time making a door-to-door campaign to raise much needed funds for the North San Juan Volunteer Fire Department. "A dollar today might save your home tomorrow," so get behind your Fire Department.

Up from Liveoak over the weekend were Mr. and Mrs. Chester Dunn to visit their aunt, Mrs. Louie Adams.

Hunting with Dave and Vada Adams last week were Margaret and Vada Freer and Dave's daughter, Donna and husband Bud Calvin. A forked-horn was taken.

Redondo Beachites Jean Wilhelm, Katherine Fuggs, Almeda Terry and Olga Stroud, visited Bob and Ruth De Smidt and Don and Janice Ashley. The De Smidts and Ashley are Redondo Beach transplants.

Kenneth Doris, tired of 175 bloody noses per year, had his left nostril cauterized.

$41.65 was cleared during the October 19 V.F.W. luncheon at the home of Gerrie Treloar. Approxi-twenty-two ladies attended, partaking of a menu consisting of: Meat loaf, scalloped potatoes, sliced tomatoes, hot rolls, pickles and relishes and a desert of jello and cookies. Coffee and tea were also served. Sally Clark assisted Gerrie with the preparations for seating the crowd. Aprons, potted plants and handmade lamps were auctioned off by Bea Leonard, as was the remaining food. Without knowing how it happened, Yours Truly ended up with the manzanita lamps and some white chrysanthimums. The monies raised will go to the V.F.W. Home Fund in Michigan.

Vern Perkins is back home at Tyler, after 18 days at County Hospital, ten of which were spent in an oxygen tent. Vern has been having a good deal of trouble with his heart and it is hoped that he will follow doctor's orders and take it easy.

Visiting

Visiting with Beulah Emerson last week were Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Bradley of Watsonville.

Earl Brown is one of the lucky ones who is happily contemplating feasting on a forked-horn he shot this week.

Shame-faced and sheepish, the hunters admit they haven't made their kill, then perk up as they tell about the phantom bucks that bounded away, nary a shot fired. And though they try their darndest, the deer-hunter can't hold a candle, for tale spinning, to a fisherman.

On October 10th, in Reno, Grace Williams and Allen McNeer were married. The happy couple are at home now, on the Dow Ranch, on Oak Tree Road.

Langly Doris reports that 14 sparkling drops of precipitation fell in his yard last Wednesday, making an honest man of the weather reporter.

Richard A. Bartsch and Luella Thomas went to Redding for a weeks stay and Raymund is keeping bachelor hall.

After being stationed with the armed forces in Greenland, Dickie Jones is once more stateside, in Virginia.

One of Munsen Church's cows died on the return trail-ride, Tuesday, between Burda's and French Corral.

A baby daughter was born to Laney and Robert Robenson of North Columbia, on the 21st of October. The little girl weighed 7 pounds and 11 ounces. She is the Robensons' seventh child.

Friends of Mrs. Taylor (Mrs. Bices' mother) will be sorry to hear that she has had to undergo two operations since moving to Nevada City.

However, she is reported to be doing nicely.

Meditation

On Tuesday, the 19th, the members of the joint chapters of the Methodist WSCS of Camptonville and North San Juan, observed a day of meditation, self-denial and prayer. At the North San Juan Methodist Church, beginning at 10:30 a.m., President Cecile Wilson conducted the regular meeting, after which the ladies lunched on one, and only one, sandwich apiece. The afternoon services were conducted by Charlotte Wakeman. Many prayers were said for the success of the United Nations and for world-wide peace.

Patti Lozoya is living in Grass Valley now, attending classes at Mount Saint Mary's Business Academy. "Mama," Doris Brown is the lucky babysitter who is getting the full benefit of one of baby Lisa's cutest stages.

Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Milhous attended the annual convention of The Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Stockton where Mrs. Milhous conducted a class in international relations. Mrs. Milhous was unanimously elected State Director of International Relations and wrote the resolution on peace.

Milhous said it was an interesting and instructive convention and one that the men should help in.

Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Charles Milhous have returned from a trip following their marriage September 30, 1959 at the Gardenland Friends Church. They are at home at 300 West Olympia Drive.

Big Crowd

The North San Juan Volunteer Fire Department Jitney Dinner was termed a huge success, clearing over $160 and feeding over 200 people. It was just like a holiday feast consisting of turkey and all the trimmings.

George Harper won the electric blanket door prize and after it was over "Mayor" Thomberg, who was in a very jovial and generous mood, threw dimes at all the women.

Mildred and Barney Lusk went to Reno last Tuesday for business and pleasure. Mildred "blew" the whole dime the "Mayor" gave her and added a few of her own to sweeten the pot. They also visited Mildred's stepmother, who lives in Reno.

From San Rafael came Carole and Grant Varner, to visit Doanie and Frank Addleman. Now staying with the Addleman's are Doanie's brother, La Mar Walton and sons, Darren and Hal, from Novato.

The North San Juan Methodist Church has Sunday school at 9:30 a.m. and Church at 11 a.m. and the Camptonville Methodist Church has Church at 9:30 a.m. and Sunday School at 11 a.m. This workable system was devised by Rev. Minor, who gives sermons at both churches.

Kitty Kinsman's weekend guests were her son and his family, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. McKay and daughters Janet and Jane, here for a couple of days of hunting.

Tod and Margaret Perry spent a few days last week with Tod's sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Royer, at Dorris, California. The Royer's are formerly from Sacramento.

Dr. Melvin Hoffman was up from Los Angeles last Friday to inspect the building that is going on at his ranch on Tyler Road.

To celebrate her twentieth birthday last weekend, Annabelle and Robert Mc Alister visited Annabelle's mother, Mrs. Jack O'Dell. Mrs. O'Dell spent the previous week caring for an ailing friend, Dewey Glaister, of Nevada City.

Hazel Smallridge's mother, Mrs. Katie Duppes, and her brother-in-law, Howard Unkifer, have been visiting her from Burlingame.

Bill Darke came up from Hercules with son John, and friend Paul Ingells to hunt.

Edie Bradshaw and Gladys Chittenden gave Mary Mc Comber a bridal shower October 17th at Babe's Hall. Many gifts were given Mary and Roy. Sorry the picture didn't turn out well.

Shannon Kelley has returned home to Hanover, Indiana, after spending two weeks with his mother, Ann Gaylord.

Little Dog Lost

If anyone sees a little yellow fox terrier wearing a lost look, please contact Marie Young. She's frantic.

Brian O'Conner, Theresa O'Conner's grand-nephew, has been at the University Hospital for two weeks undergoing tests to determine why his back has been paralyzed.

Helen Ingram is patiently reading "Dr. Spock" to her bewildered and prized cow who delivered twin heifers last week.

Fire Department

The plans of the 49'er Fire Department and Auxiliary for their Buck Stew, on November 15th, at Seamans Lodge in Pioneer Park, Nevada City, are shaping up.

Tickets for the affair are now available at the News and Novelty Shop in Nevada City. The door prize will be a box of groceries.

If it is impossible for anyone to contribute time, a gift of money is most welcome. Since the fire department is operated on a strictly volunteer basis, the money you contribute may save your home or business

The next meeting of the Auxiliary will be on November 13th at the Nevada City Elementary School at 8 p.m.

GREETINGS EDUCATORS

Part of Large Group that Welcomed County's New Teachers

Welcome Teachers Dinner is Success

"You teach six full hours and whaddaya get,
Another day older and deeper in debt."

The teachers who are new this year to the Western Nevada County school system heard Willard Rose, manager of the Nevada City branch of the Bank of America, recite the above paraphrase of the song "Sixteen Tons" and appreciated too well the irony of its humor.

Rose recited last Tuesday at the third annual Welcome Teachers Dinner at the Elks Home in Nevada City. The dinner was sponsored by the Grass Valley and Nevada City Chambers of Commerce.

More accustomed to brick bats than bouquets, the schoolmarms and school masters found the evening all flowers, sweetness and light. They also found it was steak, baked potatoes, peas, custard and cocktails.

And it was a chance for the teachers to meet the Grass Valley and Nevada City businessmen and officials who paid for the treat. And vice versa.

The evening began at 7 p.m. with cocktails and conversation. An hour later it moved to the dining room for welcoming addresses by officials of both chambers, introductions and more conversation.

The Elks dining room was nearly filled. Unfortunately, one of those not present to make himself known to one and all was Woody Smith, dinner co-chairman.

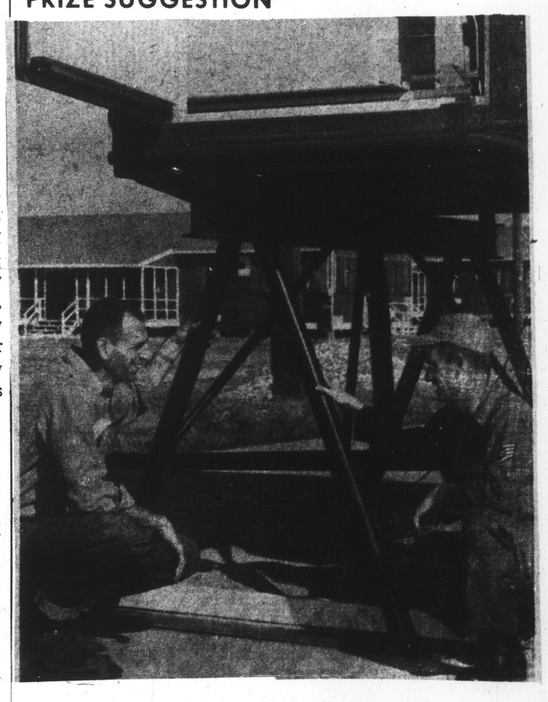
Woody's car broke down during a trip to Sacramento and he was unable to get back from the capital in time for the affair he had worked so hard to bring about.

After the last introductions and community singing, the teachers were free to go back to the workaday world of educating, grading papers and attending the dozens of meetings teachers feel obligated to attend.

Or, in the words of the "Sixteen Tons" parody:

"Some day I'll meet St. Peter, but I can't stay,
I gotta go back for the PTA."

PRIZE SUGGESTION



William S. Penaluna, left, who lives at 134 E. Main Street, Grass Valley, and S/Sgt. Bascom W. Price, 4126th Aircraft Support Squadron, look over metal liquid oxygen plant trailer support jacks that won Penaluna one of Beale Air Force Base's first suggestion rewards in an incentive program instituted to increase the efficiency of the base. Until Penaluna, a welder at the base, suggested using metal jacks, the liquid oxygen trailers were supported by wooden stands. He received 10 dollars for the suggestion. (Official Air Force Photo)

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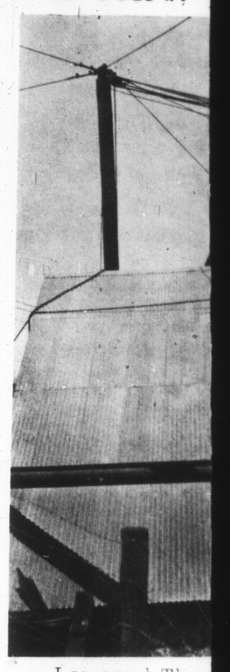

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By Unidenti

AN EDITORI

Vetera

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Armistice Day.

For 364 days out
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